

# Goodwin's Weekly

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## For A Higher Life

LAST week the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of the Salt Lake Theatre was dedicated. How much that house and what was shown there in the old wilderness days was to this city and region, not many now realize, but it was in truth an inspiration, and in the same connection, we think, that our higher schools make a mistake in not having clubs, in which to practice elocution, dramatic readings, drawing, and cultivate every form of art possible at frequent intervals. If it accomplished nothing else it would result within five years in marked cultivation in taste, in manners and in higher thoughts, because all young people are much impressed by their immediate surroundings.

They reflect back in mind, in thought and language, even in their bearing, the thoughts, words and actions of those they most intimately associate with. "If you gather apples in the sunshine, or make hay, or hoe corn," says Emerson, "and then retire within doors, and shut your eyes, and press them with your hand, you shall still see apples hanging in the bright light, with boughs and leaves thereto, or the tasselled grass, or the corn-flags and this for five or six hours afterwards."

That shows the effect of association. Let a boy try for a prize in elocution and those who listen by his couch when he sleeps will hear him declaiming and this goes to all forms of association. And so it is not enough to send a boy or girl to the best schools. What are the associations in and out of school? What the character training? To the poor Welsh people in their native country singing is a saving grace. The love of it and the art of it are incorporated into their very beings, through generations of practice.

A man has just returned from discovering the South Pole. He but followed an instinct in going there; whence came that instinct? We do not know, but presume it has come down from the men who sailed icy seas since long before Iceland was discovered. In that land mothers have dreamed of their sailor husbands off on the waste of waves for so many centuries that now the first impulse of the boys is to sail a boat, and we suspect this last discoverer followed an instinct which has been dominant in his race for a thousand years. No man has a right to frit his life away. The world needs all that is good in him, and no one knows but some child is wait-

ing him and that the child's character is being formed by what it sees.

We have some most excellent schools here, but could the students in them be led into a higher sphere and seeing the splendor of a higher culture be enlisted to do their best, the schools would be more excellent, at least the students would insensibly be led into aspiring to higher achievements, for we are simply what by our surroundings and efforts we are made to be.

## St. Patrick

TOMORROW will be the St. Patrick anniversary. He was born fifteen hundred and forty years ago. That was just about the time one of the big trees of California sprang up from the ground. One was but a helpless infant, the other but a shrub, which a deer, cropping the grass in the Sierra, might have easily included in his breakfast. But the shrub grew to be a tree which is the astonishment of all who see it, the infant grew to be a man who made such a name among the children of men, that millions hold him in memory a saint.

There have been conquerors whose chariots "have rolled with bloody wheels from victory to victory, till earth wears the red record of their names," but Saint Patrick chose "to tread earth's paths with patient, stainless feet, making its dust his bed, sheltered by no more pomp than the deep cave lends."

Thus he lived and toiled for three score years after he reached his majority; he lived without any dream of fame, lived in severe poverty, ignoring every luxury, but when he died, no other mortal had ever been so great a conqueror, and as men grow more and more enlightened, the wonder over his achievements increases.

He went to a barbarous island, inhabited by a fierce people; he went preaching peace; he went to try to lead them up to a higher life; to heal their sick, to comfort them in their sorrows, to portray to them the better life which could they accept it would give them a rest they had never felt, a hope which they had never cherished; which would take them out of the narrow grooves which held them here, which would make them better men and women here, and prepare them for the world to come. In that way he finally subdued them, and now, as the years advance and recede, as century after century is unwound, the memory of this man, whose yearnings and whose prayers were never for self, but for his fellow men, under the attritions of time grows brighter and brighter, and he is hailed as one who, in a dark age had the splendor of soul to grasp the full import of his Master's teachings and to imitate them so closely that his own humble life became exalted and his name immortal.

Tomorrow in every civilized land the world around his name will be spoken reverently; in prayer and anthem he will be remembered; all the pomp of the stately worship to which he devoted his life will be invoked for him, and the lesson of his life will be rehearsed in all tongues.

Most of the conquerors whose chariots have rolled from victory to victory on bloody wheels, are already forgotten, the fame of St. Patrick grows more secure with every return of his birthday, his statue in the gallery of the ages has its niche in the full sunlight of the eternal day and

the halo that aureoles his brow gives to him in the memories of men a divine splendor.

He asked for neither wealth nor power or honors or a lasting name, but only that he might be able to help his fellow mortals, and all that is sublime in life was his, all that shines back in splendor from beyond this life is his.

## Why France Is Rich

THE writer of an article in March "Business" says that a Paris merchant told him the following:

When you have said the last thing about France it is this—that our greatest art, the one we are most proficient in, and the one which has done the most for us, is the art of merchandising.

"Forty years ago, monsieur, an alien army occupied this city. I saw them camping where the tall Vendome column now lifts itself. The price of their evacuation was something enormous. We accepted it; we had no choice—and we have paid the price. More than that—our banks hold so much of our ancient enemy's commercial paper that, in case of international differences we do not send a single soldier to the frontier, but simply force collection through our banks.

"And we have been able to do this because we are merchants, merchants of art, of literature, of science, of music, of fashion, of everything. We put the trade mark 'Paris' on all these commodities, and you from America and he from China pay our price. Is not that merchandising?"

"And how have we done this—this of making ourselves world merchants? By watching the details, by figuring our costs and selling price on the centime basis, one-fifth of your cent. A small denominator, you say. Yes, and therefore overlooked by other nations. Also by turning to our advantage, cashing in, as you say, the foibles, the vanities, the prejudices and the superstitions, not only of other nationalities, but of our own people.

"I read in your papers about your new business schemes. Bah! They are old with us; your co-operative scheme—that has been worked out at the Bon Marche for forty years; your newly inaugurated special sales; we had them under the Second Empire. Monsieur, I admire America; she is wonderful and enterprising; she is following in the footsteps of France."

The merchant told but half the truth. French art has accomplished more than the extraordinary gifts of the merchant. French art and French thrift. The French are a nation of hereditary artists. One needs but watch a French woman pick up her dress and cross a muddy street and you have an object lesson more effective than a page of description. They have been art students since before Charlemagne established the first art schools there. At first they were very poor and so their first efforts were, into some material almost worthless in itself, to fuse enough French brain to make the rich of the earth desire so much to possess it that they gladly exchanged their gold for it.

When wealthy people purchase a French vase, paying a large price for it, they seldom realize that the material in that vase originally was not worth five of those centimes of which the merchant speaks.

Again, the best way of all to make money is to save it. So the French have carried their art into their kitchens, and have so perfected their cooking that day by day it costs one poor American family of five persons as much for food as it costs two French families of five persons each. Their superior taste they make apply in seasoning soup or blending colors to make a harmonious effect.